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## HIGH TIME TO ACT.

Corporation Counsel J. F. Delaney.

Two questions dealing with the seizure of city franchises by traction companies are before the Corporation Counsel for an opinion. Each by a coincidence of interest is raised by an act of a Belmont corporation. It is of the utmost importance that they should be decided at once.

On the Third Avenue elevated the Interborough has laid a third track between Forty-second and Fifty-ninth streets. It has laid it without authorization and in spite of an express provision in its charter forbidding it. The City Club calls this action "a shameless attempt to steal a franchise of great value." That is what on the face of the facts it appears to be. If the opinion of the Corporation Counsel supports this view, the company should be made to pay the city for the track or remove it. Let us have the opinion.

The other question concerns the right of the Belmont interests to proceed under an old charter of dubious validity with the construction of the so-called Steinway tunnel under the East River to a Manhattan terminal—Forty-second street.

The attention of the authorities was called to this "unlawful invasion of the city's rights," as it has been characterized, on Sept. 15, 1905, and again on Nov. 27, 1905. On April 11 last the Corporation Counsel was asked to determine the legality of the undertaking. When is the city to know where it stands in the matter? Except for the temporary revocation of a permit not an obstacle has been interposed to delay work on the tunnel until the charter can be tested.

In each case a valuable franchise has been appropriated, in the one instance without a shadow of right, in the other under conditions of doubtful legitimacy. Are injunctions only for the use of corporations? Every effort should now be made to regain the ground lost by procrastination.

## "REASONABLE" TELEPHONE RATES.

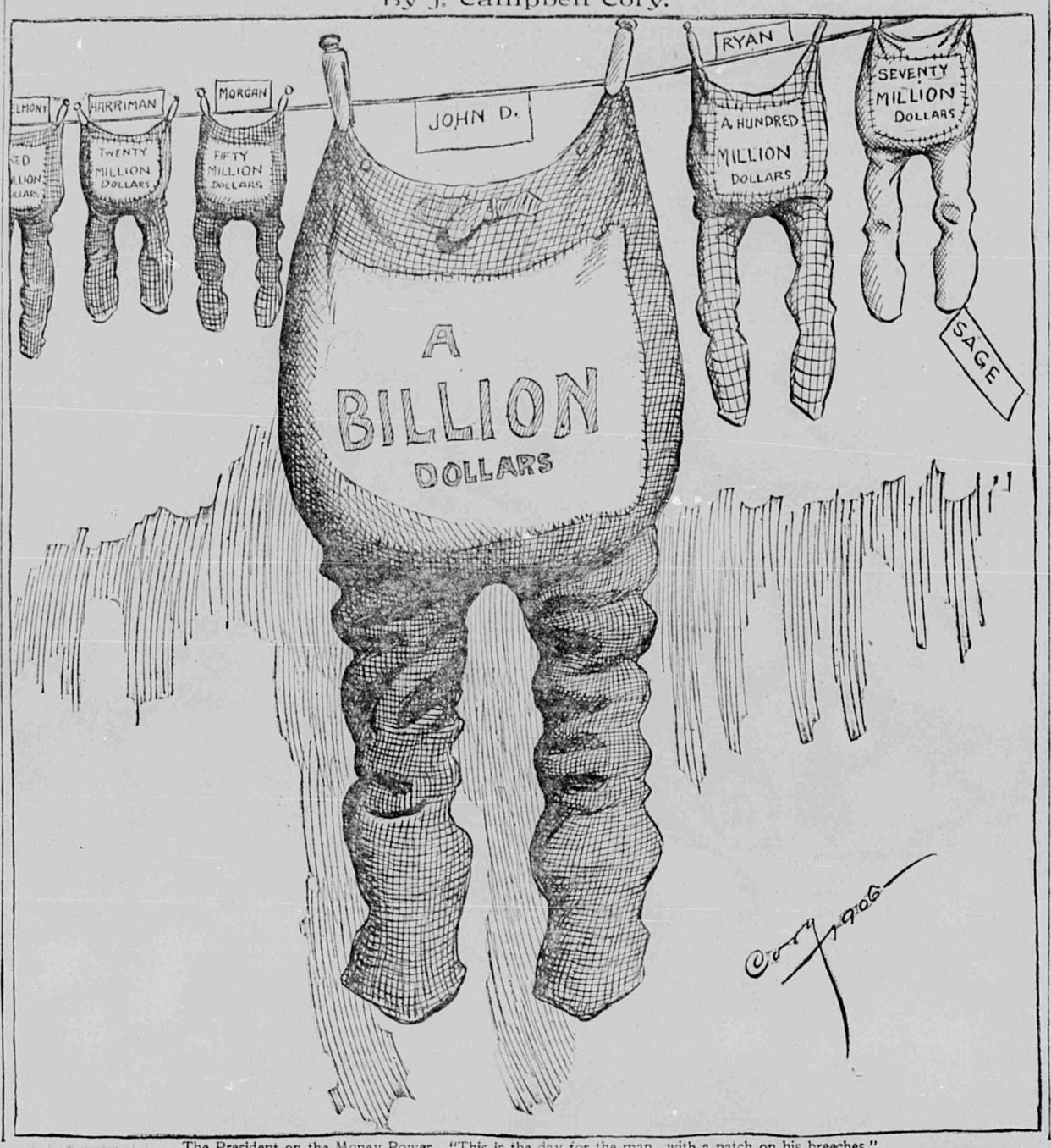
Whatever the outcome of the telephone war may be, it has been of prime educational value. It has given the public an insight it never thought to have into the possibilities of telephone profits. Whether or not the Atlantic Company gains entrance into the city the death knell of extortionate charges has been sounded.

The trust already shows a disposition to come down. It admits the right of the public to "subject it to regulation to secure reasonable rates." It is ready to discuss the question of compensation for its enormously lucrative privileges. This is something.

But if a new company, with the heavy expenses of installation yet to be met, can profitably pay the city $100,000 for the right to string its wires and $640,000 for their use for twenty-five years; if in addition it can provide free a municipal service for which the city now pays $200,000 annually, and yet derive enough profit through moderate charges to warrant it in surrendering its plant at the expiration of that period, then it is clear that compromise rates proposed by the trust to be "reasonable" must be the present rates cut in half.

## A Study in Patches.

By J. Campbell Cory.




The President on the Money Power—"This is the day for the man with a patch on his breeches."

## Why the United States Is What It Is To-Day.

FOOTSTEPS OF OUR ANCESTORS IN A SERIES OF THUMBNAIL SKETCHES

*What They Did;*
*Why They Did It.*
*What Came Of It.*

By Albert Payson Terhune.

*No. 30—The Second War of Independence.*

"I CONGRATULATE you," said Turgot to Franklin in 1783, "on winning your War of Independence!"

"Sir," retorted the shrewd old philosopher, "you mean the Revolution. The War of Independence is yet to come. Ours was a war FOR independence, not OF independence."

And Franklin, as usual, was right. For, as Lossing says, until the close of the War of 1812 the United States was only nominally free. The nation had waxed prosperous. It dreaded another war; sooner than fight again it endured countless acts of tyranny and insult from European nations. Socially and financially we were largely dependent on England, and that country was rapidly acquiring a dangerous political influence here.

**British Tyranny Grows Unbearable.**

In view of the heroic self-sacrifice shown by the colonists in wresting their country free from the British yoke this lack of courage and dearth of patriotism may seem unnatural. But perhaps it is no more so than modern departures from the stern probity and stalwart simplicity that were the foundations of our Republic. But then, as now, in time of actual crisis, the American nation was ready to shake off the shackles of ease and comfort and fight to the death for flag and freedom.

When Jefferson's second term ended two men who were his political disciples were mentioned for the Presidency on the Republican ticket. They were James Madison and James Monroe. The former was nominated and elected. It was no easy task Madison found awaiting him. The situation of the country early in 1809 is best summed up in the following quaintly worded extract from a report presented to the Massachusetts Legislature:

"Our agriculture is discouraged, the fisheries abandoned, navigation forbidden, commerce restrained if not annihilated, our navy sold, dismantled or degraded, the revenue extinguished, the course of justice interrupted and the nation weakened by internal animosities and divisions at the moment when it is unnecessarily and improvidently exposed to war with Great Britain, France and Spain!"

Truly a cheerful outlook for the bewildered young nation!

Madison tried to straighten out the international tangle. England coquetted with him and ended by refusing to grant any real redress. British warships cruised off the chief ports of the United States, where they intercepted American merchant vessels and sent them to England as prizes. In only one case an American ship successfully opposed this legalized piracy.

Added to this, the Embargo Act had cut down the Indians' revenue from furs and made them resentful. British emissaries (as in the Revolution) stirred up the savages to warfare against the Western settlers.

These combined outrages aroused the American people to fury. To make matters worse English newspapers filled their columns with coarse abuse of our country, one journal openly boasting "The Yankees cannot be kicked into a war!"

The time for forbearance was past. On June 17, 1812, the United States declared war against Great Britain. Some idea of the daring of this declaration may be gained when it is recalled that at that time the British Navy consisted of about 900 ships of war with 144,000 men, while our navy contained but twelve large ships (carrying in all 300 guns) and a handful of gunboats which scarcely sufficed for coast guards.

Moreover, the United States was torn by internal dissensions. A strong "Peace Party" bitterly opposed the war and did all in their power to clog the wheels of the Administration. There were no great leaders at hand. The heroes of the Revolution were now for the most part dead. The few who remained were old. Yet from these aged survivors it was necessary to choose the leaders for the new war. No George Washington nor Paul Jones arose to guide the ship of state through the troubled seas that lay ahead.

Henry Dearborn, a sixty-year-old Revolutionary veteran, was appointed Commander-in-Chief. His subordinate generals were also elderly relics of the former war.

**War Begins with Disasters to U. S.**

The war was on! And with its opening days came disaster after disaster to the luckless American armies.

A horde of British, with their Indian allies, swept down on Fort Mackinaw, one of the strongest northwest forts, captured it and attacked Detroit. Gen. Hull, who commanded the latter city, weakly surrendered it, on threat from the British leader that if he refused the Indians would be turned loose to torture and murder the women and children of the place.

Dearborn planned an invasion of Canada, but the affair was a disastrous fizzle, hundreds of the soldiers refusing to cross the boundary line on the ground that they had merely enlisted in a war of defense. And these were the sons of the men who had starved at Valley Forge and triumphed at Yorktown!

The Peace Party praised this cowardly treachery. The country was rent by factions when it should have combined as one man against the foe. So ended the first year of the War of 1812—a series of almost unrelieved disasters to the American armies.

But, on sea, to the eternal glory of our Nation, a different story remained to be told.

# The Masquerader by Katherine Cecil Thurston

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Chilcote, member of Parliament, has wrecked his constitution and endangered a promising political career by secret use of morphia. He has grown careless in matters of statesmanship, and even neglects his beautiful young wife. Eve, who is a former ward of Fraide, his party leader in Parliament. He chances to meet John Loder, a brilliant but unsuccessful writer, who is, in appearance, Chilcote's exact double. Chilcote visits Loder and makes the following remarkable proposition: Chilcote at times finds public life unbearable and longs for privacy and seclusion wherein he may revel undetected in morphia. He asks that at such times Loder will impersonate him in Parliament and elsewhere, and allow Chilcote to remain a recluse in Loder's rooms. When the fit of solitude is over Chilcote will summon Loder and they will change places once more. Loder, urged by political longings, accepts. He goes to Chilcote's house, where even Eve believes him to be Chilcote. This deception is made easy by the fact that for years Chilcote and Eve have met practically as strangers. Loder acquits himself so well in public that the idea spreads through Parliament and society that Chilcote has taken a fresh lease of life. Eve is amazed at the change. Chilcote resumes his rightful position, but three weeks later seeks an exchange again, in order to avoid attending a political reception. Loder goes to Chilcote's house, where the latter's valet is waiting to help him dress for the reception.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

(Continued.)

AT the opening sentence Loder had turned aside, but now, as the man finished, he wheeled round again and looked at him closely with his keen, observant eyes.

"Look here," he said. "I can't have you speak to me like that. I may come down on you rather sharply when my—my nerves are bad; but when I'm myself I treat you—well, I treat you decently, at any rate. You'll have to learn to discriminate. Look at me now!" A thrill of risk and of rulership passed through him as he spoke. "Look at me now! Do I look as I looked this morning—or yesterday?"

The man eyed him half stupidly, half timidly.

"Well?" Loder insisted.

"Well, sir," Renwick responded with some slowness, "you look the same—and you look different. A healthier color, perhaps, sir—and the eye clearer." He grew more confident under Loder's half-humorous, half-insistent gaze. "Now that I look closer, sir"——

Loder laughed. "That's it!" he said. "Now that you look closer. You'll have to grow observant; observation is an excellent quality in a servant. When you come into a room in future look first of all at me—and take your cue from that. Remember that serving a man with nerves is like serving two masters. Now you can go; and tell Mrs. Chilcote's maid that I shall be quite ready at a quarter past 10."

"Yes, sir. And after that?"

"Nothing further. I shan't want you again tonight." He turned away as he spoke and moved toward the great fire that was always kept alight in Chilcote's room. But as the man moved toward the door he wheeled back again. "Oh, one thing more, Renwick! Bring me some sandwiches and a whiskey." He remembered for the first time that he had eaten nothing since early afternoon.

At a few minutes after 10 Loder left Chilcote's room, resolutely descended the stairs and took up his position in the hall. Resolution is a strong word to apply to such a proceeding, but something in his bearing, in the attitude of his shoulders and head, instinctively suggested it.

Five or six minutes passed, but he waited without impatience; then at last the sound of a carriage stopping before the house caused him to lift his head, and at the same instant Eve appeared at the head of the staircase.

She stood there for a second, looking down on him, her maid, a pace or two behind, holding her cloak. The picture she made struck upon his mind with something of a revelation.

On his first sight of her she had appealed to him as a strange blending of youth and self-possession—a girl with a woman's clearer perception of life; later he had been drawn to study her in other aspects—as a possible comrade and friend; now for the first time he saw her as a power in her own world, a woman to whom no man could deny consideration. She looked taller for the distance between them, and the distinction of her carriage added to the effect. Her black gown was exquisitely soft—as soft as her black hair; above her forehead was a cluster of splendid diamonds shaped like a coronet, and a band of the same stones encircled her neck. Loder realized in a glance that only the most distinguished of women could wear such ornaments and not have her beauty eclipsed. With a touch of the old awkwardness that had before assailed him in her presence he came slowly forward as she descended the stairs.

"Can I help you with your cloak?" he asked. And as he asked it something like surprise at his own timidity crossed his mind.

For a second Eve's glance rested on his face. Her expression was quite impassive, but as she lowered her lashes a faint gleam flickered across her eyes; nevertheless her answer when it came was studiously courteous.

"Thank you," she said, "but Marie will do all I want."

Loder looked at her for a moment, then turned aside. He was not hurt by this rebuff; rather, by an interesting sequence of impressions, he was stirred by it. The pride that had refused Chilcote's help and the self-control that had refused it graciously moved him to admiration. He understood and appreciated both by the light of personal experience.

"The carriage is waiting, sir," Crapham's voice broke in.

Loder nodded and Eve turned to her maid. "That will do, Marie," she said. "I shall want a cup of chocolate when I get back—probably at 1 o'clock. She drew her cloak about her shoulders and moved toward the door. Then she paused and looked back. "Shall we start?" she asked quietly.

Loder, still watching her, came forward at once. "Certainly," he said with unusual gentleness.

He followed her as she crossed the footpath, but made no further offer of help; and when the moment came he quietly took his place beside her in the carriage. His last impression, as the horses wheeled round, was of the open hall door—Crapham in his sombre livery and the maid in her black dress, both silhouetted against the dark background of the hall; then, as the carriage moved forward smoothly and rapidly, he leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes.

During the first few moments of the drive there was silence. To Loder there was a strange, new sensation in this companionship, so close and yet so distant. He was so near to Eve that the slight fragrant scent from her clothes might almost have belonged to his own. The impression was confusing yet vaguely delightful. It was years since he had been so close to a woman of his own class—his own caste. He acknowledged the thought with a curious sense of pleasure. Involuntarily he turned and looked at her.

She was sitting very straight, her fine profile cut clear against the carriage window, her diamonds quivering in the light that flashed by them from the street. For a space the sense of unreality that had pervaded his first entrance into Chilcote's life touched him again, then another and more potent feeling rose to quell it. Almost involuntarily as he looked at her his lips parted.

"May I say something?" he asked.

Eve remained motionless. She did not turn her head, as most women would have done. "Say anything you like," she said gravely.

"Anything?" He bent a little nearer, filled again by the inordinate wish to dominate.

"Of course."

It seemed to him that her voice sounded forced and a little tired. For a moment he looked through the window at the passing lights; then slowly his gaze returned to her face.

"You look very beautiful to-night," he said. His voice was low and his manner unemotional, but his words had the effect he desired.

She turned her head, and her eyes met his in a glance of curiosity and surprise.

Slight as the triumph was it thrilled him. The small scene with Chilcote's valet came back to him; his own personality moved him again to a reckless determination to make his own voice heard. Leaning forward he laid his hand lightly on her arm.

"Eve," he said quickly; "Eve, do you remember"— Then he paused and withdrew his hand. The horses had slackened speed, then stopped altogether as the carriage fell into line outside Bramfell House.


"Can I believe my luck in finding you alone?"

### CHAPTER XIV.

LODER entered Lady Bramfell's feeling far more like an actor in a drama than an ordinary man in a peculiar situation. It was the first time he had played Chilcote to a purely social audience, and the first time for many years that he had rubbed shoulders with a well-dressed crowd ostensibly brought together for amusement. As he followed Eve along the corridor that led to the reception-rooms he questioned the reality of the position again and again; then abruptly, at the moment when the sensation of unfamiliarity was strongest, a cheery voice hailed him, and, turning, he saw the square shoulders, light eyes and pointed mustache of Lakely, the owner of the St. George's Gazette.

At the sight of the man and the sound of his greeting his doubts and speculations vanished. The essentials of life rose again to the position they had occupied three weeks ago, in the short but strenuous period when his dormant activities had been stirred and he had recognized his true self. He lifted his head unconsciously, the shade of misgiving that had crossed his confidence passing from him as he smiled at Lakely with a keen, alert pleasure that altered his whole face.

Eve, looking back, saw the expression. It attracted and held her, like a sudden glimpse into a secret room. In all the years of her marriage, in the months of her courtship even, she had never surprised the look on Chilcote's face. The impression came quickly, and with it a strange, warm rush of interest that receded slowly, leaving an odd sense of loneliness. But at the moment that the feeling came and passed her attention was claimed in another direction. A slight, fair-haired boy forced his way toward her through the press of people that filled the corridor.

"Mrs. Chilcote!" he exclaimed. "Can I believe my luck in finding you alone?"

Eve laughed. It seemed that there was relief in her laugh. "How absurd you are, Bobby!" she said kindly. "But you are wrong. My husband is here—I am waiting for him."

Blessington looked round. "Oh!" he said. "Indeed!" Then he relapsed into silence. He was the soul of good nature, but those who knew him best knew that Chilcote's summary change of secretaries had rankled. Eve, conscious of the little jar, made haste to smooth it away.

"Tell me about yourself," she said. "What have you been doing?"

Blessington looked at her, then smiled again, his buoyancy restored. "Doing?" he said. "Oh, calling every other afternoon at Grosvenor Square—only to find that a certain lady is never at home."

At his tone Eve laughed again. The boy, with his frank and ingenuous nature, had beguiled many a dull hour for her in past days, and she had missed him not a little when his place had been filled by Greening.

"But I mean seriously, Bobby. Has something good turned up?"

Blessington made a wry face. "Something is on its way—that's why I am on duty to-night. Old Bramfell and the pater are working it between them. So if Lady Bramfell or Lady Astrupp happen to drop a fan or a handkerchief this evening I've got to be here to pick it up. See?"

"As you picked up my fans and handkerchiefs last year—and the year before?" Eve smiled.

Blessington's face suddenly looked grave. "I wish you hadn't said that," he said. Then he paused abruptly. Out of the hum of talk behind them a man's laugh sounded. It was not loud, but it was a laugh that one seldom hears in a London drawing-room—it expressed interest, amusement, and in an inexplicable way it seemed also to express strength.

Eve and Blessington both turned involuntarily.

"By Jove!" said Blessington.

Eve said nothing.

Loder was parting with Lakely, and his was the laugh that had attracted them both. The interest excited by his talk was still reflected in his face and bearing as he made his way toward them.

"By Jove!" said Blessington again. "I never realized that Chilcote was so tall."

Again Eve said nothing. But silently and with a more subtle meaning she found herself echoing the words.

Until he was quite close to her Loder did not seem to see her. Then he stopped quietly.

"I was speaking to Lakely," he said. "He wants me to dine with him one night at Cadogan Gardens."

But Eve was silent, waiting for him to address Blessington. She glanced at him quickly, but though their eyes met he did not catch the meaning that lay in hers. It was a difficult moment. She had known him incredibly, almost unpardonably, absent-minded, but it had invariably been when he was suffering from "nerves," as she phrased it to herself. But to-night he was obviously in the possession of unclouded faculties. She colored slightly and glanced under her lashes at Blessington. Had the same idea struck him, she wondered? But he was studiously studying a suit of Chinese armor that stood close by in a niche of the wall.

"Bobby has been keeping me amused while you talked to Mr. Lakely," she said pointedly.

Directly addressed, Loder turned and looked at Blessington. "How d'you do?" he said with doubtful cordiality. The name of Bobby conveyed nothing to him.

To his surprise Eve looked annoyed, and Blessington's fresh-colored face deepened in tone. With a slow uncomfortable sensation he was aware of having struck a wrong note.

There was a short, unpleasant pause. Then, more by intuition than by actual sight, Blessington saw Eve's eyes turn from him to Loder, and with quick tact he saved the situation.

"How d'you do, sir?" he responded with a smile. "I congratulate you on looking so—so uncommon well. I was just telling Mrs. Chilcote that I hold a commission for Lady Astrupp to-night. I'm a sort of scout at present—reporting on the outposts." He spoke fast and without much meaning, but his boyish voice eased the strain.

Eve thanked him with a smile. "Then we mustn't interfere with a person on active service," she said. "Besides, we have our own duties to get through." She smiled again, and touching Loder's arm indicated the reception-rooms.

When they entered the larger of the two rooms Lady Bramfell was still receiving her guests. She was a tall and angular woman, who, except for a certain beauty of hands and feet and a certain similarity of voice, possessed nothing in common with her sister Lillian. She was speaking to a group of people as they approached, and the first sound of her sweet and rather drawling tones touched Loder with a curious momentary feeling—a vague suggestion of awakened memories. Then the suggestion vanished as she turned and greeted Eve.

"How sweet of you to come!" she murmured. And it seemed to Loder that a more spontaneous smile lighted up her face. Then she extended her hand to him. "And you too!" she added. "Though I fear we shall bore you dreadfully."

Watching her with interest he saw the change of expression as her eyes turned from Eve to him, and noticed a colder tone in her voice as she addressed him directly. The observation moved him to self-assertion.

"That's a poor compliment to me," he said. "To be bored is surely only a polite way of being inane."

Lady Bramfell smiled. "What!" she exclaimed. "You defending your social reputation?"

(To Be Continued.)